The Dear Girls and the Fighting Men, page 1486.

Modern Life

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SUGAR!

Modern Life

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ROYAL AND SOCIETY NEWS.

(*Exclusive to "Modern Life."*)

The First Royal Princess to Patronise a Prize-Fight.

Why all this fuss about the ladies going to see the prize-fights at Olympia? Surely if they want to see two men punch each other, by all means let them see it. Society, of course, will have to wait a long time before Queen Mary is seen at a fight; but King George's relations are not all of the same mind as his Queen. The first lady to set the example of according her patronage to a prize-fight was no other than His Majesty's first cousin, that daughter of King Edward's sister (our one-time Princess Royal) who married the heir of Saxe-Meiningen, and became Grand Duchess in that state by the death of the old Grand Duke one day last week. It was the tussle between Georges Carpentier and Sullivan at Monte Carlo that got hold of the Hereditary Grand Duchess of Saxe-Meiningen's soul, and she took several seats for herself and friends, and thoroughly enjoyed the sport provided.

* * *

Why the Kaiser Hates His Eldest Sister.

The Grand Duchess and her brother, the German Kaiser, have generally been "up against" one another during the last twenty-five years. In former days, as children, they were great pals, but the Grand Duchess used to chaff His Imperial Majesty most unmercifully on account of his many foibles, and when the Kaiser got hold of his sister's diary, and discovered the way she had totted him up for the benefit of posterity, the "fat was in the fire." His Majesty expelled his sister from Berlin, and sent her husband, the new Grand Duke of Saxe-Meiningen, to the command of the troops at Breslau, one of the dullest cities in the German Empire, and when Princess Charlotte's daughter got married His Imperial Majesty refused to attend the ceremony, although at the time he was residing upon an estate less than two hours from the scene of the wedding.

* * *

No Need to Worry About Charlotte Knollys.

Queen Alexandra is as indefatigable in her social duties as at any time in her life, and she charmed everybody by her demeanour on the great Rose Day tour of London. Her Majesty is greatly attached to the members of her "Court," and is always happy with old friends about her. Miss Charlotte Knollys, of course, continues to be Her Majesty's faithful attendant upon all occasions, and she is in the best of health. We add this because the *Daily Mirror* is quite unnecessarily concerned about her. The Carmelite Street paper says "Miss Knollys has not been in very good health lately, which accounts for her not being about with Queen Alexandra so much." Miss Knollys, however, is quite all right, and was in the pink of condition during the Rose Day progress, and was never so assiduous in her attentions to the Queen-Mother as of late.

* * *

How to Make Good in Theatrical Management—Another American "Wonder" Coming!

American gentlemen "on the make" who arrive in England always seem to think it necessary to their plans to talk as big as possible to the papers. And when they are theatrical folk, of course, they talk bigger than ever. Mr. A. L. Woods, of New York, is opening his first season in London next October with Miss Ethel Levey in "The Girl from Ciro's." So Mr. Woods has been telling the reporters all the wonderful things he is going to do. Which brings peculiar reminiscences of other Americans who have determined to show poor old London how to make good in dramatics. The "old Adelphi," to wit. For forty years this house had a monopoly of one paying section of theatrical enterprise—melodrama. Then the place was shut up.

* * *

Does London want a "Play with a Punch!"

An American decided to try his luck there. He got a play called "The Princess of New York"—an obvious imitation of "The Belle" of that ilk. He told London he was bringing over the finest forty girls in New York in his chorus, etc., etc. How many thousands of pounds he had spent on the production we don't remember, but the talk was all of the very "tall" variety. The American wonder pulled down the front of the old Adelphi, rebuilt it up as "The New Century Theatre," and "arrived." The wonder-play turned out to be the dullest thing on record, and it lasted a fortnight. A few more efforts were no more successful, and "The New Century Theatre" fell once more to the rats, until it returned to its abandoned name of "The Adelphi," where good biz has been done by Britishers more or less ever since. Mr. Hammerstein, too, was another big talker. Mr. A. L. Woods says that "what we want in London is not teacup drama" but the "play with a punch!" And he says he's got it. Well, we shall see whether London wants it!

* * *

The Doyen of the Bachelor Peers.

Old Lord Forbes, who finished up in rather a barbarous manner by cutting his throat, was a strange recluse, who cared nothing for public life, and even gave up his seat in the Lords as a Scottish representative peer some years ago, after holding the seat for thirty years. Lord Forbes was eighty-five, and he had associations with bygone celebrities which were probably unique. His sire and grandsire played parts in heroic struggles which are now ancient history.

* * *

Lord Forbes's grandfather, the 17th peer, well maintained the name of his family for chivalry, for he figured prominently on the battlefields of Amand, Tamar, Valenciennes, Tourny, Vaux, and Dunkirk, and, following the expedition to the Helder, figured in nearly every fight in that campaign. His son, father of the now-deceased Lord, went off to Waterloo while still a boy in the Coldstreams, being the youngest officer in the service. Yet, owing to

the illness or wounds of all his brother officers it was left to him to take his men into action at Hougoumont, and right gallantly did he command them.

* * *

What Was it Lord Brassey Wanted to Know?

Quite the quaintest thing in connection with the German Kaiser's visit to the British fleet at Kiel was old Lord Brassey's "arrest" as a spy. As Lord Brassey has been a master mariner over forty years, and is the best known practical yachtsman in the world, there may have been "something" in his prowling about the forbidden corners of the Kiel Dockyard. The man who established and edited the famous "Naval Annual" wouldn't be likely to stand on ceremony if he wanted to know anything about Germany's latest and greatest naval fortification, and you may bet there are a good many things Lord Brassey (and the Admiralty!) would like to know on that matter! Anyhow, we are glad the Kaiser did not deal out any very severe punishment to the skipper of the *Sunbeam*, who has always been a true patriot, and seems still "game for anything," in spite of his eighty years.

* * *

Earl Beauchamp Premised of His New Garter Knighthood by "Modern Life."

As usual the prophets were all wrong about the Birthday Honours Lists. The only forecast that was "founded on fact" was again *Modern Life's*. Society was greatly surprised that Earl Beauchamp received one of the vacant Garters. His Lordship wasn't surprised, however. He reads *Modern Life*, which informed him of the honour to be conferred upon him as long ago as November 29th last. It was after the death of the Marquess of Northampton in June last year, followed, in due course, by the surrender to His Majesty at Buckingham Palace by the new Marquess of his father's Garter, that King George called an informal meeting of his immediate advisers, including Mr. Asquith, to know whether the Prime Minister desired one of the vacant baubles to be conferred upon one or other of his noble supporters of the old nobility. Mr. Asquith informed His Majesty that he desired such an honour should be conferred upon Earl Beauchamp.

* * *

The Youngest Garter Knight of His Century.

Within one week the information sifted through the Marlborough Club to the writer of these notes, and on November 29th last I wrote, in reference to Lord Beauchamp, "His Lordship seems likely to put up another record shortly—that of being the youngest Garter knight of his century." That consummation has now been realised. Earl Beauchamp has become the "Youngest Garter Knight of his century!" And if you want to know who will be the next distinguished personage to put on the Blue Riband, watch the columns of this journal. We advise our readers to file their copies: they are interesting in view of our secret information about things Royal and Noble.

* * *

Lord Beauchamp as the Pet of His Party.

Lord Beauchamp has, of course, always been the luckiest fellow in the Peerage. Without any particular personality, apart from his high degree and wealth, he has had a record which will take a lot of beating. The last snug billet conferred upon his

"AND MINE IT IS TO FOLLOW IN HER TRAIN."

SAVE THE PICTURES.

Why not require all visitors to disrobe and don blankets or bath towels? Further, all hair, hat and tie-pins, false teeth, walking sticks, knives, money, eye-glasses, wooden legs, &c., to be left at the turnstiles.

Lordship was the Lord Wardenship of the Cinque Ports, and he is the youngest holder of that office in living memory, just as he was the youngest Pro-Consul to receive a first-class Colonial Governorship in New South Wales, when he was only twenty-seven years old. When he came home—somewhat precipitately, by the way, after only two years "Down Under"—he married the Duke of Westminster's sister, by whom he has had five children.

* * *

One of Lord Beauchamp's sisters, Lady Mary Forbes-Trefusis, is, or was, a Woman of the Bedchamber to Queen Mary, and another sister, Lady Ampthill, is the wife of a courtier whose mother, the Dowager Lady Ampthill, was for many years in the entourage of Queen Victoria. We should not be surprised to find Earl Beauchamp in Dublin ere long! He has learnt a lot since those verdant days in New South Wales. Anyway, we congratulate him upon his Garter. The Sovereign, at any rate, has nothing higher to offer him, save the Home Rule Viceroyalty!

* * *

The King a Nut Mr. Asquith Can't Crack.

As readers of *Modern Life* know, there are to be no more actors knighted for another four years, so the omission of the names of any of our great theatrical stars was no surprise. And of all the rich Radicals and others whom Mr. Asquith would be glad to oblige with Peerages, if the King would cotton to it, only one was got through on the occasion of the Royal Birthday. This was the coronet conferred upon Sir Leonard Lyell, whose son, please remember, is the Prime Minister's own Parliamentary Secretary. Lord Kitchener's earldom was, of course, no recommendation of Mr. Asquith's, neither was Sir Edgar Vincent's coronet, nor General Brocklehurst's. They are the King's own affairs, but by one of those humorous anomalies of modern political life they have to figure in what is called "The Prime Minister's List."

* * *

The Missed Piquancy of Birthday Honours List.

But the most remarkable honour conferred in the Birthday Honours List is one that was completely overlooked by the Press of the Empire. Yet it is the one touch of peculiar conferment which has caught the imagination of the select Court crowd. It is the knighthood of the Royal Victorian Order conferred upon the Rev. Dr. Sheppard, the handsome old Court parson, who was so loved by Queen Victoria, and who is equally regarded by His present Majesty. The title conferred upon Dr. Sheppard is absolutely unprecedented—the only other living member of the Church who has been similarly honoured being the Archbishop of Canterbury, who, of course, does not use the title, his position as first Peer of Parliament placing him far above the rank of knighthood, he being before the Dukes.

* * *

The Only Person to be Knighted.

Canon Edgar Sheppard is a remarkable man. For thirty full years he has been the Sub-Dean of the Chapels Royal, and had it not been that Queen Alexandra will not have any other parson in the Sundringham pulpit, Dr. Sheppard would have been a Bishop twenty years ago. He is now seventy years of age, enjoys wonderful health; and never misses the services in the Chapels Royal year in and year out. His father was a King's College professor, and he is a prolific writer upon the homes of the Royal Family, and one of his most interesting works was his "Life of the late Duke of Cambridge," he having been chaplain to the last Duchess of that title. Henceforth "The Rev. Dr. Sir Edgar Sheppard" will be an unprecedented title in the annals of the Church.

Britannia's Cheeks Burning!

Whether it is the influence of a great sportsman on the Throne—the King, too, who fifteen years ago, exclaimed on an historic occasion "Wake up England!" —or whether it is the shame that spread over the land at the way the "bloated American millionaire," Jay Gould, defeated our English professional champion at tennis a few months ago, I will not venture to say, but whatever the explanation, it is plain Britannia's cheeks have begun to burn, and she is beginning to show unwonted spirit. Presently I will show that the Throne *has* had something to do with this.

* * *

What Ought to Happen Shortly.

All that is wanted now is the defeat of the Boston Club crew at Henley, and the other two crews in the race for the Grand; the return to this country in the hands of Sir Thomas Lipton of the American yachting trophy; the defeat of Gunboat Smith (an American champion) by Bombardier Billy Wells when the match comes off at Olympia; and the triumph of an Englishman in the tennis tournament next season, and "Old England" will be able to "hold her head up" once again!

* * *

The interest in the result of the Polo Cup was, for the first time in its history, national. Yet three months ago ninety in every hundred Britishers did not know there was such a trophy as the America Polo Cup. They had never heard of it in their lives. They had felt no shame at its loss five years ago to the millionaires of New York. Many people, in fact, had never even seen a polo match. Now all that is changed. It was *Modern Life* that gave the first hint of the wild enthusiasm that developed itself when Lord Wimborne's team finally took ship for New York. And our exclusive information as to the secret history of the King's connection with the Polo Cup match was well complemented when His Majesty's enthusiasm burst all the bounds of precedent, and, without waiting for the result of the fight, he wired directly he heard of the first day's result: "Delighted at your success. Trust it may be maintained!—George, R.I."

* * *

The King's Part in the Polo Triumph.

It was in the second week of April that the pictures of Sir Thomas Lipton's new clipper filled all the picture papers, and *Modern Life* announced that "King George does not care tuppence whether the yachting trophy is brought back or not. . . But the King's aloofness in regard to the America Cup is not due in any way to the British competitor in it. . . It is due to the fact that there is another America Cup which His Majesty is real keen upon seeing back Home again! This is the famous Polo Trophy which England lost to America in 1909, and has never regained."

* * *

And we added the information that the King's keenness about the Polo Cup was the result of the polo-mania which the Prince of Wales caught at Oxford after he had been allowed to play his first game. And later on we imparted the secret information that after Captain Cheape's final refusal to go to America, and Lord Wimborne had abandoned the idea altogether, the King "got at" his Lordship (he being a Lord-in-Waiting), and Lord Wimborne made another attempt to buck up Captain Cheape, succeeded, and sailed. When the annals of the Polo Cup come to be written, King George's enthusiasm about the Cup will be found to be largely responsible for its return to this country.

"Can you tell me which is Number 116A"?
"That's 'im, mum, standing at the corner."

LIVELY LITTLE LEADERS.

THE DEAR GIRLS AND THE FIGHTING MEN.

The fact that a very large number of women, and very high-class women, it appears, have taken tickets for the Carpentier-Smith fight has, of course, caused an outcry in certain circles that breakfast, dine, and sup every day of their lives in the musty and fusty old "views" of our grandfathers and grandmothers. We are told that it is not "proper" for women to see such things, not "nice," not "moral," not "ladylike," not, in fact, quite goody-goody enough for the traditional primness and crankiness of that curious section of English womanhood (and manhood, too) that thrives on what is left of the fatuous frills that used to adorn good Victoria's skirts and flannel petticoats. But the fact remains that the more people object, the more the dear ladies are crowding to book to see the famous French fighter in his war-paint (for this, I imagine, is one of the real reasons for the rush), and to hug themselves with delight (and Carpentier, too, if they get the chance) at the sight of the greatest fighting man of the day doing his "war-dance" on the top of Gunboat Smith's face. Of course, I do not deny that the dear creatures, English or American to the backbone, will pretend to great delight if Gunboat Smith pulls it off and sends the Frenchman back to the Boulevards a beaten man. But in their heart of hearts I fancy that the majority of the fair sex who are going to see the great fight are genuine worshippers of the "dear boy" from Paris, and will sadly regret it if by any chance he should suffer defeat.

And that opens up one of the most peculiar things in this peculiar world—the psychology of women as regards such a thing as boxing. I suppose it is about a million to one that not five per cent of the women who are, apparently, taking such great interest in this fight, understand anything whatever about uppercuts, straight lefts, or jabs, or indeed anything about the great game of boxing as a scientific pastime. Paris women set the fashion by going to see Carpentier, then a few highly-placed women in London took it up, and, hey presto, the thing was done. It became the thing to take tickets for the Carpentier-Smith fight, and tickets are consequently being taken to such a merry tune that our archbishops and bishops are tumbling out of their pulpits with fright; our curates are pretending to be egregiously shocked, and our paterfamiliases and materfamiliases, who were brought up in "the good old times," are wondering what on earth the next generation of women will be like if this sort of thing is to go on.

Yet the whole thing is a very natural development, if you look at it for a minute, and a very sensible example of the way in which good old evolution can beat the ideas of mere man every time. You can't stop the development of women, no more than you can stop the growth of children. Which analogy is a very excellent one for my purpose, for women have until quite recent days been treated just like children, when you come to look at it. No wonder, indeed, that they rebel, and no wonder that in their timid way of working their psychological guns they have to do so at first through the peculiar ways of fashion, and not because they really take a great interest in all the things that they do or rush to see. Please don't think, reader, for a moment that I am within a hundred miles of the suffragette business which I attacked the other week. I am not. But going to boxing matches has nothing whatever to do with voting and politics, for which the vast majority of women admit Nature has not fitted them. The way I look at it is this—that so long as women keep to the things that Nature will allow them to do, they are entitled to see all there is to be seen in life, and to do all the things that men do within the bounds of a reasonable sort of propriety. Politics are not for women, for the simple reason that once they get the vote they will go into Parliament (you cannot stop the further development of the idea), and it is utterly impossible for women, as child-bearing creatures, to face the problem of how a woman can perform the duties of Prime Minister of England, or Foreign Secretary, or whatever it may come to, when she is liable at any moment to be engaged for months at a time in the due performance of her intimate domestic duties. That, in my opinion, settles the suffragette business. But why shouldn't women go to boxing matches? Why shouldn't they box themselves? In the old days it was thought terrible for a woman to walk ten miles on a country road by herself, to play cricket and tennis, to wear short skirts, to breed dogs, to do anything, in fact, except wrap herself up in half-a-dozen stupid flannel petticoats and pretend that she was some funny specialised sort of monstrosity without legs or shape, who had only one duty in life—to breed children and obey the dictates of man. But all that sort of nonsense is going fast, and the encouragement of a study of boxing, and everything else in life, will make woman more knowing as regards all the strange things and bypaths of the world, and so will make her more of a broadminded and human creature than she has ever been in the past. I would have women see men doing all the things they do in life, and taking a direct interest in their athletics as well as in their money-making concerns and intellectual development. Only in this way can women learn what life really is—by taking part in it themselves. Only in this way can they become fellow-creatures and companions and sympathisers with men. Only in this way will the nonsensical romance of woman's life give place to a study of the stern realities of existence, and to an acceptance of life as it really is. Let the dear souls therefore go to all the boxing they like, say I, and the more the merrier. And let them, when they have developed a little more, engage in boxing themselves to a moderate extent, and give poor man the opportunity of studying the female form divine arrayed in all the glory of knickers and four-ounce gloves. We shall then see what women are really made of, both physically and mentally and morally, and shall no longer be compelled to take them on trust as bundles of frills and fashion plates at so much a dozen.

Jonathan Grub Strete.

In a Futurist criticism of *Runsky*-Korsakov's "A Night in May," at Drury Lane (wherever that may be!) the *Daily Sketch* remarks: "Tumbledom thatched stucco cottages climbing a hill are the feature of the first scent." That is exactly the reason we prefer to live in London, especially when pig-styes come into the picture.

WHO, WHY, WHEN AND WHAT.

LITTLE QUESTIONS FOR PROMINENT PEOPLE.

Who is the K.C. who has been put in "Coventry" owing to undercutting fees?

* * *

What is the story that lay behind the alteration of the "Open letter" to the Prince of Wales in the *Isis*?

* * *

Were not some very extraordinary "finds" made by the police at a recent Suffragette raid?

* * *

Why is the Prince of Wales so very averse to photographers?

* * *

Who is the peer's son who is about to be cited in the divorce case, and has not his father warned him that he will be disinherited if he loses his case?

* * *

Who is the famous racing motorist who found iron filings in the engine of his car? Did he not have a very narrow squeak?

* * *

Is it true that their Majesties have decided to stay away from theatres in future owing to Suffragette annoyance?

* * *

Which are the museums where rare exhibits have been replaced by "fakes" since the Suffragette campaign commenced.

* * *

If Lord Kitchener doesn't think that "K. of K." was a prouder title than any Earldom could be?

* * *

Who was it had the courage to direct the Commissioner of Police's attention to the indecent advertisement in a leading draper's shop-window, with the result that the nuisance was stopped instanter?

* * *

Who gave the pretty daughter of a Peeress a "stumer" half-sovereign in exchange for a rose on Alexandra Day?

* * *

If a certain Duke recently gave a commission for his portrait to be painted by one of our leading Royal Academy artists, and if he now refuses point blank to pay the price demanded by the latter?

* * *

Whether W. G.'s after-dinner remark that "some of the young players are not making as much use of their legs as they might do" referred to batting, or to work in the field?

FLATTERING.

He: "What will your mother say to our engagement?"

She: "Oh, she told me I should find a husband at the seaside, as there are always plenty of fools there. She first met father at the seaside."

The identity of the champion idiot of militant suffragism who was permitted to join in the Roman Catholic procession at Isleworth on Sunday?

* * *

The identity of the Park Lane hostess who always decorates her dinner table with miniature specimens of wild animals in silver?

* * *

If a company has been formed for the purpose of supplying churches and educational institutions with moving pictures of religious and moral value, and if the Duke of Manchester has promised to act as secretary?

* *

Who is responsible for the Prince of Wales's latest nick-name of "Bobby Dazzler," and if it was suggested by a rather brilliantly hued tie of which he was recently guilty?

* *

If two of the dresses designed by Sidney Sime for the opera *Dylan* did not turn out complete failures owing to the fact that he had forgotten to take into consideration the figures of the prospective wearers?

* *

If the beauty chorus of "The Merry-go Round" doesn't look like causing quite a number of young men to lose their heads?

* *

If the daughter of a well-known Jewish stockbroker is having some very curious kinema films made of herself and a friend, and what she intends to do with them?

* *

If Queen Alexandra recently refused to have two well-known titled women presented to her because they were wearing bunches of ospreys in their hats?

* * *

If the Kaiser is about to establish a London depot for the sale of his pottery?

* * *

If there is not a particularly unpleasant scandal brewing in connection with the wife of a Harley Street physician and two members of the Royal Flying Corps at Farnham, and if it is not pretty certain eventually to find its way into the Divorce Court?

* * *

If the Russian millionaire really intends to marry the pretty little revue actress?

* * *

If Lady Drogheda's Futurist drawing-room is not proving a sore trial to some of her friends?

MORE OR LESS.

Towers of Tulle.

Futurism seems to be another name for trousers. Most of the midnight ball people looked like decadent pierrots in frilly trousers, let alone the fact that wherever you see the labels "Futurism" there surely you will find everything feminine in trousers, a rainbow, a ruffle, and a rose. What a pity both Beardsley and the Yellow Book are dead. How they would have revelled in the quaint poster effects of the woman of to-day, how they would have encouraged her to go from one absurdity to another, making a kind of Morse code of her—all dots and splashes. It would take the master mind of a Beardsley to devise fashions more grotesque than those of to-day.

* * *

Our great-great-grandchildren, when they happen across the yellowed pages, dug from the depths of a cupboard, of a fashion paper of to-day many years hence will surely think we were mad. They say the frocks at the Grand Prix shocked even the policemen. And if you can shock a French policeman——! Transparent skirts were the order of the day. "Even the angels would catch cold if they wore only Madame X——'s gown," a critic remarked of a lady whose frock seemed to consist mostly of the race-card she held in her hand. The modern woman is rather like an up-to-date Tower of Babel. She is confusion in tulle.

A WOMAN'S ACCOUNT OF THE REGATTA.

"Yes, and Lillian had the duckiest little river gown of white net."
He: "What about the race?"
She: "What race?"

Eve and the Gloved Fist.

I hope we have heard enough of women and boxing matches. Even though the papers have to fill their columns, and the dog days are at hand, let us give Eve and the gloved fist combine a rest. It doesn't matter a bit whether a woman should go to a boxing match or not. If she wants to, she will go, regardless of ethics. Useless, too, to probe her motive, whether she goes for the method or the muscle. She will never tell you. There are some things you should never tell a man; the truth is one of them. Personally, I don't see why women shouldn't please themselves in this as in all other matters of life. Spanish women are so feminine that they are separated from would-be lovers by iron bars to all their windows, yet they revel in bull-fights. I myself, who belong to the sentimental order of persons that can't bear to see a fly drowning in a milk jug without rescuing it from a more or less watery death, on one warm afternoon saw six bulls killed in Seville, and I was only sorry the matador wasn't killed instead of one of the bulls. But I wouldn't go to a prize fight if I was paid. It would bore me to tears to see two men in bathing kit punch each other for the best part of a hot evening. There are far more pleasant ways of spending a summer night than that. All the same I don't see why women who like that kind of thing should have their enjoyment spoiled by the criticisms of the ha'penny papers. And anyway it's waste of time. Men may propose but woman disposes.

* * *

Matrimony's Bun.

The newest veil is a kind of pierrot affair—the upper half white lace, the lower part black. As it tends to wholly obscure the majority of the wearer's features this veil is expected to be greatly in demand by ladies with clandestine appointments. Paris, of course, is the home for that kind of thing, but I daresay there will be some demand for the new veil on this side of the Channel as well. No woman is as good as she looks, just as no man is as bad as he doesn't seem. And, after all, the easiest thing in the world to get is love. So why should anybody go without for the sake of a scruple or two? Ready-made love is always obtainable although, of course, it wears best made to measure. But who wants love to wear? All the married people will tell you that matrimony is like that railway bun. You can come back to it as many times as you like and always find it just as stale.

* * *

Alfresco Business.

This gorgeous weather, with a sun in the sky just like a big orange sunflower, has set me thinking what fools we people of the dusty towns are. We miss such a lot living in a world of paving stones, and it isn't half as necessary as it seems. It only needs someone to set a good example and prove that business can be done among the buttercups as well as among the brokers. Why doesn't somebody have the sense to start an open-air office? Alfresco business wouldn't be business, do I hear you say? H'm! Is it always in town?

Louise Heilgers.

PUGILISM AND PROPHECY.

[With apologies to a hypersensitive evening journal.]

From "The Evening Bruise," June 29th, 1914.

WILL WELLS WIN?

The great question that is stirring in the minds of the critics and experts of boxing just now is "Who will win at the meeting of Wells and Bell at Olympia to-morrow night?"

After a careful review of the chances of both men, we have come to the firm and final conclusion that Wells might win, only he is so unreliable—but so is Bell. Wells should win if he boxes as he should do, but Bell might win if he adopts certain tactics to defeat the Bombardier. On the other hand Wells might win, as he may knock out Bell, and vice versa.

Bearing these facts in mind, and also taking into consideration the queer position of Wells's ribs [see illustration below], his weak spot [marked with a cross], and the physical advantages of both men, there can be only one issue to this struggle for supremacy.

Below are the measurements of both men, showing how vastly superior each man is to the other:—

	Wells.	Bell.
Calf	16ins.	16½ins.
Neck (stretched) ...	16ins.	16½ins.
Length of nose ...	3ins.	2¼ins.
Angle of nose (before fighting)	55deg.	45deg.
Distance from eye-brows to knee-cap	48½ins.	42ins.
Weight in socks	190lbs.	193lbs.
Totals ...	328½ pts.	315¼ pts.

So that Wells has the enormous physical advantage over Bell of 13¼ points, and the very names, Bell and Wells, are ominous factors in this contest, and complicate matters to a great extent.

From "The Evening Bruise," June 30th, 1914:—

BELIEF IN BELL.

"Who will win to-night?" is the great question that is exercising the minds of the boxing fraternity just now. Many people believe that Wells will win, but then again others firmly believe that Bell will prove the successful gladiator. Bearing in mind the photographs of Wells's weak spot [exclusive to this paper], and the portrait of Bell's baby boy, we must expect something very unusual, so that with his enormous physical advantages (see yesterday's expert article) the "knock out" should occur on either side in the 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 17th, or 20th round, whereas if the contest is decided on points, it should finish somewhere about the 4th, 12th, or 19th round. But, of course, anything might happen in a boxing contest where two such enigmas are the principal participants.

"Olympia" will be crowded to-night. Every seat has been booked, and it is estimated that over 10,000 people will be present, who, if placed end to end would reach nearly three parts of the way to India (via Suez Canal), and a little bit of the way back. All the special boxes have been booked, and everywhere will be full; in fact, "Olympia" will be crowded to-night.

We offer the above suggestion gratis to those who wish to know how to keep cool during office hours.

From "The Evening Bruise," July 1st, 1914:—

HOW WELLS WON.

As we prophesied, Wells won, and won easily last night at Olympia before a crowded house. There could be no other issue to the contest, when one considers the enormous physical advantages of the victor, and also, be it remembered, the peculiar and advantageous position of his ribs (see previous issues).

By some papers (not "The Evening Bruise") Bell was thought to have some chance, but he never had a showing against the wonderful Bombardier. Bell had better take our advice and "go to Australia!" and not be so presumptuous in the future as to offer battle to a man so vastly his superior. Wells, as we have always maintained, is the most wonderful and reliable boxer who has ever donned the gloves, and before long we may see him wrest the world's championship from the black race and nail it to the flagstaff of good old England.

MAURICE LEWIS.

Is it true that the authorities of the Royal Academy schools have made arrangements for the students of the anatomy classes to visit "The Cinema Girl" on special matinées in order to study the female form?

BY THE WAY.

That amazing and many-sided personality, "Morrison of Pekin," is in London, having arrived here last week. If ever there was a career of which it might be said that truth *is* stranger than fiction, it is Dr. Morrison's. Unfortunately, his official position as Adviser to the Chinese Republic seals his lips, or what a tale he could tell! Like "K. of K." in his Soudan "spy" days, Dr. Morrison used always to carry on his person a tiny phial of poison. ("I didn't fear death—I expected it," said Kitchener after witnessing the execution of a spy by the Mahdi's orders, "but such a death!") George Morrison is Australian-born, and it was as *Times* correspondent that he travelled, in the most perfect of native disguises, from Bangkok in Siam via Tonquin to the Forbidden City of China. Previous to that, however, he had had a spear-head cut out of his body in Edinburgh—a memento of his travels in New Guinea—after carrying it about inside him for nine months. His visit to town "synchronises" with that of Low Cheng Tsing, the late Chinese Prime Minister.

* * *

Mr. Cyril Maude was, the other day, an amused spectator of a cricket match at Acton between the staff of the Playhouse and that of the Vaudeville Theatre. These bohemian games are rare good fun, though one heard some sighs for the halcyon days when Mr. Maude's company could put a "really good" eleven into the field, including Mr. C. Aubrey Smith ("Round-the-Corner") and Mr. Frank Tennant. Among the best and most enthusiastic of our actor-cricketers are M. R. Morand, the old Savoyard, Oscar Asche, Henry Ainley, and (of course) Frank Foster, together with a large number of F. R. Benson's young men.

* * *

The ubiquitous Father Bernard Vaughan was very much "all there" at the wedding at Chelsea of his kinsman, Capt. Vaughan, to Miss Hilda Mander. The dashing Guardsman, Captain Vaughan, is a Grenadier, and rejoices in the high-flown baptismals of "Eugene Napoleon," having, therefore, been christened after the two greatest soldiers of all time. His best man, Mr. McDougall, is another Guardsman, who has been acting as A.D.C. to Lord Islington. Captain Vaughan himself has been working for the Royal Naval and Military Tournament, under the popular General Sir Francis Lloyd, who will, we hear, "let himself go" on the subject of Napoleon at Waterloo next year. Talking of the Society of Jesus, of which Fr. Vaughan is such a leading light, the good old *Telegraph* makes a "howler" in speaking of Father Chas. "Nicholas" in connection with a recent lawsuit. The allusion is, of course, to the Rev. Charles Nicholson, S.J., whose preaching always draws a crowd.

* * *

"The Rajah's racer" (which sounds like the title of a dime novel) was last week the talk of Paris, not to say of France. For the victory of H.H. "the Rajah of Pudukkotai's "Lillium" in the hurdle race at Auteuil is quite an epoch-making event, inasmuch as a native Indian ruler has never before won a big event on a French course. The Rajah, who is one of the best and mildest-mannered of the many lesser princelings who own the sway of the King-Emperor, is much pleased with himself and "Lilium." And well he may be, seeing that the noble animal has in a single race brought in some £5,000 in stakes plus 85,000 francs in stake-money. "By the same token, the Rajah is understood to be greatly pleased with the recent successes of a horse rejoicing in such an Imperial name as "Durbar."

* * *

"Reggy" Spooner, whose hunting accident has kept him out of the cricket field since 1912, did a very sporting thing in playing for Leveson-Gower's team at Eastbourne, in order to fit himself for his promised appearance in Hurdleston's benefit-match. Mr. Gower's side v. Oxford was more like a Gentlemen of England team than a scratch combination, with Spooner, Bird, Douglas, Maclaren, Ernest Smith, etc. "Reggy" is obviously in form again. With the exception of A. G. Steel, Marlborough has never produced a cricketer of his class. In his last year at that College he scored over

The Vicar (at the opening ceremony): "Ladies and gentlemen, we have tried by every fair means to raise the money—and now we are having a bazaar."

d runs, and averaged 71! He was once asked to play for Lancashire, made an instantaneous success. Spooner's "biggest" year was 1911, when he topped the first-class averages with 51.37 for 2,312 runs. His batting elegance can only be likened to that of Palairet, Ranji, or Trumper. It is a thousand pities that he has never been able to make the trip to Australia.

* * *

Mr. Arthur Bourchier is to be congratulated on having got a "Bluff King Hal" play out of that "frightfully" busy man Mr. Louis Napoleon Parker, who—if Lewis Waller opens as promised in "Disraeli"—will have no less than three dramas running in London this autumn, the other one being Sir H. B. Tree's production of "David Copperfield." It is an open secret that Mr. Bourchier has long longed for an opportunity of repeating his triumph as Henry VIII. at His Majesty's. As Sir Herbert Tree has said of Henry, "he was, like Nero, corpulent; like Nero he was red-haired; like Nero he sang and poetised; like Nero he was a lover of horsemanship, a master of the arts, and the slave of his passions." It is of interest, by the way, that Miss Violet Vanbrugh played Anne Boleyn to Henry Irving's memorable Wolsey, Wm. Terriss playing Henry, and Forbes-Robertson. Buckingham.

* * *

Those of our readers who remember Frank Slavin in his best day must sometimes wish that he could be young again in order to have a punch at Jack Jackson. He probably would not have beaten him, for he was not a scientific fighter, but he had a terrible blow which, if he only got it in, nearly killed his opponent. We remember seeing Frank at the Holborn Restaurant the night he was whipped by Peter Jackson, the most gentlemanly black who ever went into the ring, and a nice mess his face was in, for Peter had beaten him by science, although he too could hit hard, as Frank Slavin learned. We next met Slavin on a steamer leaving Victoria, B.C., for the Klondyke goldfields, where Frank Slavin did all sorts of things from gold mining to laundry keeping, and a bit of exhibition boxing in the Dawson City saloons. He also did a bit of drinking, but that is what everybody did. When he was drinking Frank was a funny chap, and very nasty at times. But he met his match when the Klondyke steamer, on which he was travelling, tied up at Skagway, the little tent city ruled by the desperado Soapy Smith. Soapy appeared at the door of Frank's cabin with a gun, and demanded certain dollars that were owing from his old pal. And Slavin, knowing that Soapy Smith was a certain shooter, paid up like a lamb, although he had a whip in his hand with [illegible] he was just about to thrash the customs with whom he had quarrelled about his goods.

* * *

[illegible]ge but most improbable yarn about the [illegible]s v. Bell contest is just going the rounds, by which Wells's look of uncomprehending and utter astonishment after he had knocked out Bell is explained to the satisfaction of the inventors of the story. It runs that an arrangement had been made between the principals that Wells was to receive £5,000 if he allowed the fight to run for six rounds so that a good kinema picture could be taken. The blow he landed, so the story goes, was instinctive and unintentionally powerful, and as the seconds were counted out over Bell's prostrate body, a look of dismay and woe crept over Wells's face, for second by second he saw the £5,000 gradually fading away from his grasp. This is a piquant and interesting story, but let those believe it who will.

"That conceited Miss Jones declares she has only seen twenty-five summers. It is ridiculous!"
"Not it, my dear. It is at least ten years since we had a summer."

* * *

In a lecture on "The Discipline of the Bar" to barristers and students of the Inns of Court, at Lincoln's Inn, Dr. Blake Odgers, K.C. referred especially to the duties which a barrister owes to the Court and other barristers. When a young barrister expressed surprise at the ruling of the judge, and was severely criticised for doing so, his leader apologised for him, saying: "When my junior is as old as I am, he will never be surprised at anything your lordship says or does."

* * *

The art of oratory, as revealed at the Rutherglen Town Council meeting. Mr. M'Gill was speaking to a motion, when Mr. Mann interrupted him. Mr. M'Gill: "Mr. Provost, can't you keep that microbe in order?" Mr. Mann: "Rats!" Mr. M'Gill: "Reptile!" The Provost: "Gentlemen!" We understand that both Mr. M'Gill and Mr. Mann were so incensed at this last epithet that they immediately left the room.

TABLOID TOPICS.

A Grimsby trawler was nearly sent to the sea-bottom by a school of whales. A little learning is a dangerous thing.

* * *

The deputies of the Italian Chamber are supplied with free drinks. There should be no lack of spirit in their speeches.

* * *

Lord Halifax says that our ideals have ceased to be at all Christian. In fact most of the 'igh deals seem to be Jewish.

* * *

A new species of rose was shown at the City of London Flower Show by a Mr. Walter Easlea. We believe it is quite easlea cultivated.

* * *

What a fuss about the fair sex being patrons of boxing battles! The darlings were always on the rush for gloves and rings and matches.

* * *

We read that in a certain North County town a Mr. Cobb recently married a Miss Webb. No doubt he fell in love with her as soon as he spied her.

* * *

"Women and Boxing. More Views," was an *Evening News* placard. Well, it *might* be possible if women adopted the orthodox costume of the ring.

* * *

An eminent surgeon has succeeded in grafting a piece of a monkey on to a child. We understand that the parents of the child are going to train him to be a monk.

* * *

A stammering cuckoo has been discovered by the inhabitants of Charlesworth. But they are not to suppose that they hold the monopoly of this interesting species.

* * *

The fashion notes inform us that this season "the boating girl is wearing the most audacious and glaring colours." Her companion naturally refers to her as his "flame."

* * *

Denouncing the average newspaper reader, the Rev. W. G. Elliot protests that "many people now think in headlines." We suppose that is why they get so many wrinkles.

* * *

Mr. A. Topham tells us that the average woman of to-day "is a broader person than her mother was." That accounts for the modern fashions of burst clothing, split skirts, etc.

* * *

Among the instruments employed in the music of "The Legend of Joseph" is a heckelphone. Westminster's four-hundred-pounders conjecture that its notes are those of interrogation.

* * *

"Men need a religion primarily to prevent them from worshipping *dols*." (*sic*). Mr. G. K. Chesterton is reported by the *Observer* to have said. But then the worshipping of *dols* is a religion with more followers than any other. Ask Mr. Rockefeller.

* * *

A rib out of the side of the Scottish King, Robert the Bruce, has recently been subjected to experiments at the museum of the Royal College of Surgeons in Lincoln's Inn Fields. But it is hardly likely to result in the same interesting developments that Adam's did.

WIT AND WISDOM.

Money will always be the sovereign cure for all ills.

* * *

The more a man rises in the world, the more bounce he gets.

* * *

Decorum is a sort of intellectual corset which makes you sit up stiffly and adopt unnatural attitudes.

* * *

Too generous a display of leg generally brings some portion of the community up in arms.

* * *

A family tree doesn't always bear the fruits of a man's industry.

* * *

There is no such thing as an idle rumour. It is always industrious.

* * *

The closer a man is the harder it is to touch him.

* * *

Even the slowest horses may go fast asleep.

* * *

Some authors say that one of the uses of adversity is to bring us out. That's true—particularly at the knees and elbows.

* * *

Advice is the one thing that it seems better to give than to receive.

* * *

Extracting blood from a stone is frequently a much simpler performance than getting money from a millionaire.

* * *

Among the most blessed of all contrivances of Nature is that which prevents a man being disturbed by his own snoring.

* * *

A crank is the discoverer of a theory before the public is ready to pay for it.

* * *

A man's idea of hard work is any kind at which he can't sit down and smoke.

* * *

A doctor is a person who will tell you what is the matter with you in Latin provided you tell him in English.

A *Pall Mall Gazette* headline reads "Marconi Echoes at Westminster." Thus has wireless telephony become a living thing at last.

* * *

"M.P. in Hollands," proclaimed the *Star* the other evening. Well, even an M.P. must do something to brace up his spirits these hot days.

* * *

A railway ticket collector, charged with being drunk and incapable, protested that he was merely in a fainting fit induced by the sudden appearance of his mother-in-law. Effect of too much "old and bitter."

* * *

"Why hasn't ell a chance?" enquired the *Sketch*, in a foreword about the Colin Bell-Wells contest. We presume the correct answer was that, like most boxing encounters, the contest was never intended to be a mortal combat.

THE "FURNISHED COTTAGE NEAR THE SEA."

The people who won't listen to reason are those who say they have no reason to listen.

When some people make up their minds they use very poor material.

IN STAGELAND.

I wonder if a little commentary of appreciation of the work of a great dramatic critic is quite in order? If so, I advise readers who are in the habit of interesting themselves in the theatrical opinions of the contemporary press unreservedly to pin their faith to Mr. S. R. Littlewood, of the *Daily Chronicle*. His descriptive analyses are invariably beautifully proportioned with a refined elegance of phraseology that is redolent of strength and clean common sense. High as is the standard of British theatrical journalism to-day, this combination of qualities is not common to the work of any critic or journal other than Mr. Littlewood and the *Daily Chronicle*.

* * *

Fully seven years ago I remember being profoundly impressed with a leader by this critic, entitled "The Cult of the Leer," or something very similar, and well recollect a feeling of gratitude, almost as for a personal service rendered, for the privilege of reading the soundest plea for theatrical refinement ever written.

* * *

There are none of the pattern poses of prolixity and verbosity in these critiques, but they convey, nevertheless, the maximum of information. That is why, although an unrepentant Tory personally, I cannot afford not to read the *Daily Chronicle*. That is also why I hope my views may be influenced always in general and never in particular by the work signed S.R.L., for the owner of those initials is more than a personality; he is an element, and the happiest and sanest publicity medium the modern theatre can claim as its own.

* * *

Next Thursday (9th inst.) Mr. H. B. Irving will re-open The Savoy Theatre with Mr. Stephen Phillips's "The Sin of David." The play deals with those days when the country was in the throes of war between Cromwell's Parliamentary Forces and the Stuart Cavaliers. The leading rôle, played, of course, by Mr. Irving, is that of "Sir Hubert Lisle: Commander of the Parliament Forces." I hope nobody will dare to criticise adversely "The Sin of David," lest in the eyes of Mr. Stephen Phillips they commit an even greater sin. Do you remember the splendid *fracas* that occurred on the occasion of the Drury Lane centenary celebrations? A prominent critic had slated him for the commonplace grade of his ode, specially composed for recitation on this great occasion. Fierce polemics resulted, and literary fur and feathers flew apace. I hope we shall get it all over again!

* * *

There is nobody more regally splendid than "H.B." when he has suitable material, as witness "The Grand Seigneur," and the combination of the tremendous talents of Irving and Phillips promises unusually desirable entertainment. One good thing has this play already achieved. It has determined the activities of an uncommonly unsuitable sketch, called "The Van Dyck," which reduces Mr. Irving almost to a horrible level of low comedy. With slight modifications it would suit Ernie Lotinga. So far as Mr. Irving is concerned, I hope it may henceforward remain decently dead.

I am asked to mention that on Tuesday, July 7th, there will be a charity matinee held at the New Theatre (by kind permission of Sir Charles Wyndham) by Miss Fay and Master Roy Lilmar, in aid of the Lord Mayor's fund for the victims of the "Empress of Ireland" disaster. I presume this matinee will be buttressed by the aid of many distinguished artistes as usual, so it will be an excellent show, helping a good cause, all of which is as it should be. Miss Fay and Master Roy Lilmar are related to the Prime Minister, and are very desirable average English children. Much improvement is, however, necessary before other claims to stage fame may rank stronger than these for Miss Fay, etc., to whose venture I wish the best of luck.

* * *

If you want a cool entertainment these days, drop into the West End Cinema in Leicester Square as I did yesterday. There is an efficient orchestra, a nicely regulated temperature, and the highest degree of film accomplishment to be found there. I find it a refresher for the jaded.

* * *

The Marchioness of Townshend's new playlet, "Sir John and the Coutourière," at the Coliseum, is a polished little love episode which sets forth very happily the successful machinations of a middle-aged baronet, who succeeds in his courtship of the Coutourière. I hope we may have more sketches from her ladyship's, pen and for presentation at the Coliseum.

W.R.C.R.

The Mascot: "And they call it going for a spin!"

THE SENIOR SUBALTERN.

I had no choice in the matter—it was the Colonel's order. It was one night after mess.

"You'd better speak to Hamer," he said. "Tell him if he wants to be mistaken for a 'gay-dog,' he's got to go up to town—and do it in some other place than where he happens to be stationed, where everyone knows him."

That's a senior subaltern's job all over—the dirty work the C.O. doesn't fancy.

Hamer's rather a young ass—thinks he's absolutely irresistible with the women! Kitty's quite pretty—but inclined to be swollen-headed, since she's always managed to have an admirer in "ours."

I decided to get it over at once—so went up to Hamer's quarters and knocked on his "oak."

There was a distinct scuffling inside. I waited for a minute and nothing happened. I was beginning to get a bit wild at being kept waiting. I'd have gone in, after knocking once, only the door was locked. I knocked again. I was getting jolly wild, I can tell you. Hamer seems quite incapable of appreciating my position. I gave the door a kick and it opened. Hamer was sitting in an arm-chair, reading an "Infantry Training."

"Oh, it's you," he said.

"Yes," I said, angrily. "Why the devil didn't you open the door before?"

He looked at me with surprise. Hamer's look of innocence would shame an angel.

"It was locked," I went on.

"Was it?" said Hamer placidly. "It is impossible to 'mug' in this regiment without being disturbed."

I told him what the Colonel said.

"Doesn't he like her?" Hamer asked.

"Like her," I repeated. "You don't think we're going to stand you carrying on with a barmaid in this place, do you?"

"It's an honourable occupation," he said.

"I don't care whether it's honourable or not. You've got to stop it here."

"And the Garrison Arms is the best pub in the place," he went on.

You can't talk to a chap like Hamer. I told him pretty strongly what I thought of him.

"I wish you wouldn't swear in my room," he said. "Some one might hear you."

There was a loud sneeze behind me. I jumped round.

"Your nerves aren't what a soldier's ought to be," Hamer remarked.

I told him that my nerves were my personal property.

"What was that?" I demanded.

"It sounded like someone trying to imitate a sneeze," he said naively.

I went straight to his wardrobe and opened it. Kitty stepped out.

"I'm *so* sorry," she said to Hamer," but there's pepper on your fur coat."

"I shall have to report this!" I said, sternly.

"Oh, please don't!" she pleaded.

"You've no right to dare to come into barracks," I said.

She started to cry. "I—I—shall get the sack," she sobbed.

"That's your trouble," I said. "You should have thought of that before."

"Don't say anything about it for a few days," said Hamer.

"No, please don't," she asked, pathetically. She was looking up at me—and she was devilish pretty, "I'll go at once."

"Very well," I said. "I'll think it over."

She thanked me and was gone. I gave Hamer a good talking to, and told him he'd got to drop it.

* * *

The next day I went to Hurst Park with Gardner, Blair-White, and several more. We had a rattling good day. I came back with a bit of money. We decided we couldn't stand the mess that night and would dine at the Garrison Arms.

We went into the bar for the usual start. Kitty was there alone. I don't know what had happened to the others, but I found myself leaning over the bar with Kitty's face very near mine. She was looking stunning.

"You're not as slow as you try to make people think," she said, stroking my face.

I was feeling very bucked with life, and I'd had a top-hole day.

"Oh, I don't know," I said, rather pleased. "I'm not as go-ahead as some of our chaps."

"No?" she asked playfully.

"You see, I'm senior subaltern. I can't rag about now like the others can."

She looked at me, saucily. "Poor boy," she said dolefully, "you've even had to give up girls."

"I don't think I've ever really taken to them," I said, a bit regretfully.

She laughed lightly. "Your don't expect me to believe that, do you?" she asked.

"It's honour bright."

"Honour fiddle-sticks," she said, coming up alongside and leaning her face on her hands quite near mine. "You know you're just the sort of boy to make a girl go perfectly crazy over you."

I began to think Hamer wasn't such an ass after all. I asked, "How do *you* know?"

"I divined it last night in George's quarters; you looked so awfully stern, but *I* could see you weren't as bad as all that."

"Could you?" I said.

"Yes, rather," she replied. "You could have a bit of fun with the best of them."

I thought I saw how the land lay.

"Are you trying to get me to promise I won't say anything about last night?" I said.

She smacked my face—playfully.

"Poof." she laughed. "I don't care if you do, it won't hurt me."

"What about the sack?" I asked.

"I'd be much more likely to get the sack if I wasn't so popular," she said, demurely.

I don't rightly know how it happened. She was leaning past me wiping over the counter. Her hair brushed my face, and—well, I kissed her.

I heard a loud laugh. Someone said "Naughty," and I turned round. At the swing doors stood Gardner, Blair-White, and the others—and Hamer.

Hamer turned to the others (as if he were conducting a party over the Tower of London): "Our next object of interest, gentlemen," he said, "is

the finest specimen of an unmitigated fraud you'll find in the garrison."

I had some trouble in getting him to shut up. He ordered drinks, including me. Then he turned to me, over his glass, and said "Cheer O! Oh, by the way, I've been thinking it over, and I've come to the decision that you've got no choice but to report that little affair of last night."

I kicked out at him ferociously. I'd already decided to let the matter drop.

Ned Llewelyn.

"It's considered very chic in Paris," says a lady writer, "for a snowy arm to show a small deep red rose tattooed just above the elbow or below the dimpled shoulder." And so it is, begad, so it is—eh, what? How do we pronounce the word?

* * *

"There may be some fundamental truth in the old nursery rhyme that sugar and spice and all that's nice is what girls are made of," writes a girl to a daily. There is, not forgetting the spice.

* * *

We learn that the censorship has been removed from the play, "Monna Vanna," in which a lady appears on the stage clad in "nodings at all" except a mantle. That looks like real business at last, doesn't it?

* * *

"They don't look like editors, do they?" appears above a picture of the foreign journalists who have been visiting England. They don't, indeed. They look quite like respectable members of society.

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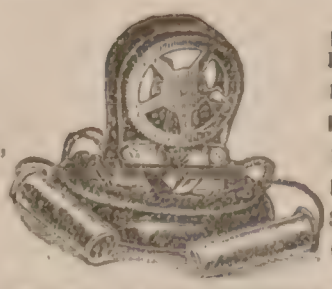

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SPONTANEITY IN SPORT

When you see a great crowd of spectators jump suddenly to their feet and cheer as one man, you can tell that something dramatic has happened right at that moment, and something really important. When you are one of an audience listening to inspired music, or the burning words of an orator who is speaking on a matter that is very near to his heart, you are as part of that speaker, that singer, or that orchestra, and you are carried away out of yourself; the audience becomes as one man with but a single thought, and the exclamation of delight, applause or feeling is drawn from you simultaneously with thousands of other cries at the precise moment.

FREDDIE WELSH WHO FIGHTS FOR THE LIGHT-WEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE WORLD ON TUESDAY. WILLIE RITCHIE IS THE PROBLEM.

Those who saw Bombardier Wells jump right to the forefront of the sporting limelight at Olympia experienced that feeling. There were about 10,000 people present, many of them scoffers about Wells. He was a has-been, and in some cases a never-was, but not one man or woman left Olympia on Tuesday who had not been affected by the peculiar magnetism of the man's extraordinary personality.

Ladies sat unmoved through a very good if somewhat dull twenty rounds between Harry Stone and Johnny Summers, a contest astutely labelled as one for the welter-weight championship of the world. It interested them, but did not carry them away, but when that fierce punch of the Bombardier's put Bell on his back, squirming and helpless, a thunder broke out, and even if Bell's senses had been receptive enough to grasp the counting of the timekeeper, I doubt if he could have heard his words.

People who understood boxing of course knew that the hook to the jaw had done the trick, and why. But everyone else—and there were thousands there who knew nothing of boxing—knew that that terrific blow, which would have felled an ox, had effectively settled Colin Bell's pretensions to championship honours. It is wonderful how a man can jump back into the limelight; Wells now has a certain ten thousand adherents, and no matter whether he were matched against Jack Johnson, "Gunboat" Smith, or Georges Carpentier, they would back him. Wells could have beaten them all last Tuesday, or at any other time, if caught in that frame of mind. He felt a champion, and before the close he had convinced thousands of others that he really was a champion.

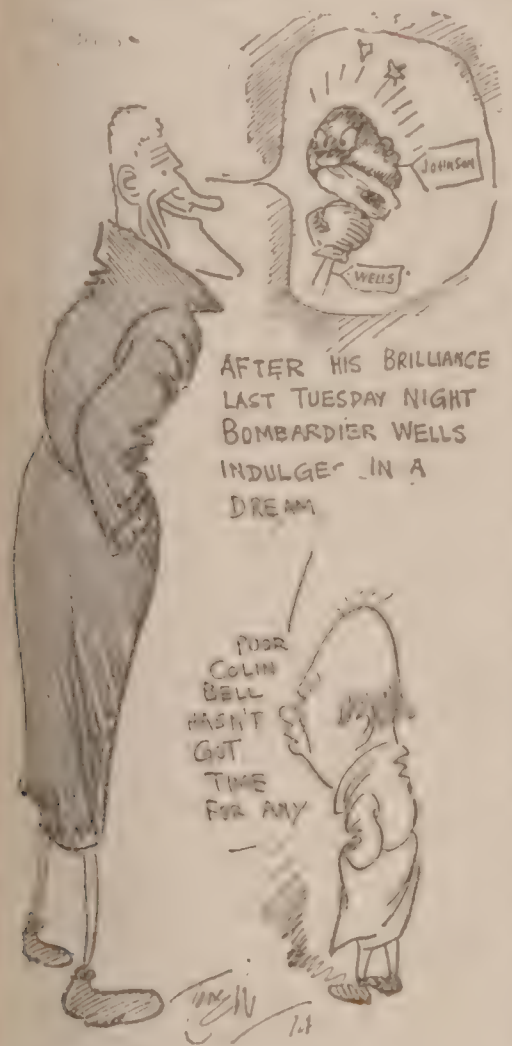
Some little comment was aroused by the dramatic attempt of a spectator, a clergyman, to enter the ring during the first round. I understand that he wished to protest against the Rev. Everard Digby officiating as M.C. at a boxing match. He was removed so quietly that many never saw the incident at all. Whether he was a parson I do not know, but he was certainly wearing a cassock or gown.

We may perhaps have another dramatic ending to the contest between Gunboat Smith and Georges Carpentier, but it is not likely, nor will there be anything like it next Tuesday, when Freddy Welsh gets the wish of his heart gratified and meets Willie Ritchie for the light-weight championship in the same ring. We are assured of some wonderfully clever boxing between the light-weights, and of some fierce hitting between two big fellows, but there is not likely to be anything quite so dramatic or so moving as Wells's punch which knocked out Bell.

JOHNSON v. MORAN.

In these dog days it seems more than passing strange that boxing is still the great draw to the teeming thousands of London's population, for all the dailies were up in their circulation on Wednesday morning. There was also tremendous interest attaching to the Johnson and Moran contest. Personally I do not like the idea of white and black matches, but in this case we have perhaps to go on until we get the matter settled one way or the other. Moran stepped into the breach, and the one thing he proved was that it was not the old Johnson. He has never been a vicious fighter, but has generally outboxed his man, and he beat Moran by his skill in boxing, but Moran, a big, lumbering fellow, without much science and only bull-dog courage, went nearer perhaps to putting Johnson out than any other boxer has ever done.

I have always held the idea that Wells is the most likely of the white hopes to beat Johnson. He is the cleverest boxer, and has the hardest punch. But he would never be allowed by the authorities to do it in England. Johnson and Wells would be an ideal black and white match, and if Wells could hit Johnson as he hit Bell, there would be only one result. I don't care whether a man is a negro or white, or a Hindoo, that smashing punch on the jaw would have laid him out. Shall we have a championship match in the early stages of next season, and will it be Wells, Carpentier, or the Gunboat, who will first tackle Johnson?


JOHNSON
WELLS
AFTER HIS BRILLIANCE LAST TUESDAY NIGHT BOMBARDIER WELLS INDULGED IN A DREAM
POOR COLIN BELL HASN'T GOT TIME FOR ANY

A NEW CYCLE CHAMPION.

When Bailey turned professional it was felt that a gap had been made in the top class of cycle racing that it would be difficult to fill, but apparently the Polytechnic have turned out another who will do it creditably. In the three National Cyclists' Union Championships decided last week, W. A. Ormston won all three—the quarter mile, the mile, and the five miles—showing a brilliant turn of speed at the finish of each race. Otherwise two of them were crawls, the mile taking 2 minutes 30 secs., and the five miles 13 minutes 25 secs. That the track at New Brighton, where the races were run, was not slow, is evidenced by Leon Meredith riding ten miles in 14 minutes 34 4-5 secs., of course, behind motor-pacing.

THE CHIEL AMANG YE.

CORRESPONDENTS' BUREAU.

The Editor will be pleased to answer readers' queries through this column.

W. J. B. (Tonbridge).—Sketch not in our line. Send stamp for return.

C. H. T. (C-on-M., Manchester).—Thanks for good wishes. "M.L." changed hands four months ago, and there is nothing doing with the old concern.

W. J. (Swansea).—It is possible a member of the Stock Exchange might be able to do something with the shares, but we never recommend a stockbroker. Try a local man you know something about.

OUTER MAN.

A.B.C. (Aberkenfig).—The collar in question is called the Dorset. It is a sort of cricket collar starched. You can obtain it from Messrs. Cluett, Peabody, and Co., of New Union Street, London. Price, two for a shilling.

M.T. (Clapham).—Broad laces are not good form for boots or shoes.

Chip (Salford).—Permanent turn-ups are still in fashion, and likely to remain so.

F.E.B. (Sevenoaks).—Double collars must not be worn with evening dress.

MOTORING.

J.S. (Southampton).—If the crank case gets unduly hot, and the machine loses power, you should have new piston rings fitted.

E. (Denton).—Every motor-cyclist is compelled by law to have a front brake.

T.T. (Edmonton).—A near light is not necessary unless sidecar is attached.

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Wire—"Ricochet, London."

GOLF.

The next big golf tournament is due next week, when the French open championship will be decided at Le Touquet on Monday and Tuesday. George Duncan played brilliant golf in winning the tournament last year, but he will have a hotter field to beat this year, for Harry Vardon and Ted Ray, the tourists in America last season, will be among the competitors, and Vardon is open champion.

Duncan, however, may quite easily retain the title. He is playing an extraordinarily good game just now, and in partnership with Braid—he has taken the place until lately occupied by Alec Herd in these matches—he beat Vardon and Braid in the great international match at Braid Hills recently, Taylor by 5 up and Vardon by 3 up, and that is championship form with a vengeance.

Most people declare that they play better golf after lunch than before, after it is once shaken down. Not so J. H. Taylor, who has stated, according to the *News of the World*, that food of any kind entirely disagrees with him when he is in a state of nervous tension. He confessed to a bad attack of nerves in the final round. And Taylor attributes a lot of his nervousness to the taxi-cab accident he experienced at Manchester a couple of years ago. Vardon should repeat his English triumph.

It is wonderful how good many of the professional footballers are at the Royal and antient game. They have lately instituted a Scottish footballers' championship, and this year it was played at Troon, when James Lawson of Airdrie, who won last year, repeated his victory. He beat James Sharp, the popular Chelsea back, by 6 and 5.

This is wonderful form, for Sharp is generally regarded as only waiting for a few years before qualifying as a professional. He is, I believe, reckoned a plus four man now. Lawson must be a mighty good player, and when he gives up professional football I can see him taking a prominent place in the ranks of professional golfers. Sharp and Logan, who was also one of the sixteen who survived the qualifying rounds at Troon last season, played Collins and Cantrell of the 'Spurs at Muswell Hill in a four-ball match, and the Tottenham men won. Collins is about the best player of the lot, and as he is a Scot it is passing strange that he did not have a cut at the footballers' championship. Cantrell represented Nottingham County in the *Daily Mail* Gold Cup Competition last autumn.

Miss Leitch, after a wonderful run of success has met with defeat at last, her old opponent, Miss Ravenscroft, beating her in the semi-final of the "Ladies' Pictorial" Competition at Stoke Poges, last week. But Miss Ravenscroft was not destined to win. Miss Muriel Dodd, who has been a bit out of form this year, displaying some of the golf which made her lady champion last season, won the final by 7 and 5.

MORE QUERIES.

When Lord Howard de Walden is going to take a rest?

* * *

Why a certain Bishop is so proud of his acquaintance with a London actor of no very excellent reputation?

* * *

What has become of the new series of interesting society sermons which Father Bernard Vaughan promised us some months back?

* * *

If the husband of the recently married society beauty was surprised when he accidentally came across a whole heap of pawn tickets in his wife's letter bureau, and if he at once set off to redeem his diamond cuff-links and tie-pin?

* * *

The identity of the young peer fresh from Oxford who has offered to "foot the bill" of a forthcoming dinner at the Carlton for the privilege of making the acquaintance of a certain very charming actress who will be present?

* * *

If it isn't rather "sauce" to be appealing for subscriptions to testimonials for Mr. Harry Foster when the Worcestershire C.C.C. are "in the cart" in more ways than one?

THE SAUCE WITH THE EXQUISITE FLAVOUR.

PIQUANT

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THE IDEAL OF THE EPICURE.

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IT is said that "hunger is the best Sauce." This may be right in a way, but the Epicure with a palate at times requires stimulating is often of a different opinion. He looks round for some condiment that not only contains the necessary ingredients to promote a good and healthy appetite, but also possesses the power to effectually aid the digestive organs. The proprietors of the P.P.S. in placing their Speciality before the public can, with the utmost confidence, recommend it as the best Sauce upon the market. It has won its way to the front rank entirely by its unrivalled merits, and not by extensive advertising. Its exquisite flavour and its approved ability to aid digestion so appeal to those once using it that its sales are continuously increasing. A perusal of the numerous unsolicited testimonials will confirm the above statement.

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FINANCE & ASSURANCE.

"Nothing doing!" Market remains as idle as ever, which is not surprising considering the abnormal political and financial conditions now prevailing, the heat and the various sporting attractions that tempt those Stock Exchange members who never allow business to interfere with their sporting engagements. Americans have been a better market as a result of the very favourable reports. Home Rails remain as dull and [illegible] as ever, the few transactions recorded [illegible] lower prices. The weakness of the Mar[illegible] has been the principal feature in the [illegible] market, the selling being attributed to [illegible] regarding the forthcoming report and [illegible] as to a serious hitch in the Chinese co[illegible] negotiations. Rubber and Oil shares have been [illegible] peerless and neglected, while Kaffirs have [illegible] no particular activity. The public are [illegible] out of the market.

* * *

We hear that powerful interests in London are now conferring for the purpose of investigating the present position of the Farquhar group of companies, as the result of our reference to what is now being done in Paris to ascertain the real financial position of this important group of Brazilian Companies. Next week we hope to be in a position to throw further light on this subject. In the Stock Exchange it is thought that the group are strong enough to maintain their position, despite the serious difficulties with which they are now confronted. We do not share this view.

* * *

[illegible] shares are speedily improving, several [illegible] factors being responsible for the change, including the conviction that the Government are not likely further to harass the trade—not at present. [illegible] way; the lower cost of certain raw material, and [illegible] the public as a result [illegible] "trade "boom." Curiously enough another [illegible]on is the increased output by the brewers of tee[illegible]otal drinks—mineral waters, etc.

* * *

[illegible] has been a persistent rumour regarding the [illegible] absorption of the Williams Deacon Bank [illegible] London County and Westminster Bank. [illegible] rumour has been officially denied, but, of [illegible] may be merely the premature disclosure of [illegible] transaction that will ultimately materialise. The [illegible]ing banks of London are now suffering from a [illegible] attack of amalgamitis, and this is likely to lead to some startling developments. Already rumours are coupling Lloyds Bank with another famous institution not a hundred miles from Temple Bar.

* * *

We are glad to see that the course of Home Rails [illegible] four to six months has fully confirmed our contention—that despite good traffics and favourable factors they are very dangerous [illegible] to buy for investment purposes. The Labour [illegible] is far from promising, nor is it likely to [illegible] for some time to come.

* * *

Perhaps the most ominous feature of the situation [illegible], certain notorious bucket shops are tipping "Sound Home Rails" for a big rise!

GILT-EDGED SECURITIES.

The following securities yield 4 per cent. or over at present quotations:—

	Price	Yield Per Cent.		
Queensland, 4 p.c., 1940-50 ...	99	4	1	0
Dominion of Canada 4 p.c., 1940-60	100	4	0	0
Western Australian 4 p.c., 1942-62	99	4	2	3
Hobart (City of) 4½ p.c., 1933 ...	104	4	6	3

* * *

Very frequently we are asked: "What is the proper age to assure?" To this the obvious response is: "The sooner the better." Everything favours the early assurants of both sexes—low premiums, favourable health conditions, the formation of sound and thrifty habits at the most important period of their lives. We say for both sexes, because young girls who are now entering the labour market in increasing numbers are compelled to safeguard their future as carefully as the young men. Fortunately, the leading companies are fully alive to the importance of the younger contingent of the community from the assurance standpoint, and have evolved a number of tempting policies to meet their special requirements.

* * *

Moreover, they have taken into consideration their financial limitations, and are thus prepared to accept the premiums to suit the assurant's convenience—yearly, half-yearly, quarterly, or even monthly. In case of illness they are temporarily relieved from premium-paying—in many cases for an entire year. The substantial benefits resulting from early assurance can be justified by the following comparison: Suppose it is desired to assure £500 at age fifty, or previous death, without profits? At age twenty the premium would be approximately £13 7s. per annum, at thirty about £21 15s. For a whole life policy for £500, without profits, they would pay at twenty approximately £8 4s., at age 30 £10. From the matrimonial standpoint early assurance is conspicuously profitable, for the husband who has assured before marriage has already created for himself and his family an estate which will increase in value year by year, while the exceptionally low premium he has to pay will enable him to carry his assurance policy without undue strain.

* * *

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

[Replies are sent by post to readers enclosing stamped addressed envelope.]

"Kaffir" (Swansea).—Presuming that you have bought and paid for your City Deeps, they should be held. Prospects are promising.

"H.K." (Liverpool).—Firm you mention not recommended. Famed for "planting" dubious shares.

Jib (Plymouth).—Annuity with return of money would suit you best. Quote exact age and sum available, and we will state amount of annuity you can draw.

"Hamel" (Dundee).—Mexican Eagle Company should have excellent prospects, but until the Mexican political situation is finally settled cannot recommend purchase.

Crêpe (Windsor).—Speculation in rubber shares with £50 not advisable. Keep your cash in the bank.

A.B.C. GUIDE TO STOCK EXCHANGE
(45th Edition, 1914).
Stock Exchange Operations thoroughly explained, also Call Options. How to open an account with limited risk. How to avoid Broker's Commissions. Contains Highest and Lowest Sales for last 15 years. Gratis from Publishers.
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RACING.

BY "OBSERVER."

The recent delightfully fine weather has been very decent for racegoers, but the broiling sun has played havoc with the racing tracks, and the majority of courses are now hard as iron. On this account fields have fallen much below the average, as trainers do not care to risk their charges when there is a possibility of the horses knocking themselves up.

Everyone interested in turf matters will regret to learn that Chevalier Ginistrelli, the well-known Italian owner, trainer, and breeder, intends retiring from the turf. The Chevalier will be remembered as the owner of Signorina, one of the most brilliant juvenile fillies of all time, and of her daughter, Signorinetta, the sensational 100 to 1 Derby winner of six years ago.

Probably the proudest moment in the life of Chevalier Ginistrelli, who is one of the most picturesque figures in racing, was when the late King Edward so heartily congratulated him in the Royal Box at Epsom after the Derby. The Chevalier is selling the few horses which he now has in training later in the month.

Glorious Goodwood will soon be with us, as the meeting comes up for decision during the last week of this month. I have heard Mr. J. B. Joel is certain to have a more successful time at this important gathering than he experienced at Ascot. Golden Sun, Parhelion, and Radiant are the Wantage entrants for the Stewards' Cup.

By the way I am told that Kennymore, the Manton Derby disappointment, is being specially prepared for the Eclipse Stakes at Sandown Park, and Sir John Thursby's colt is expected to score in this £2,000 thousand pounder.

There is plenty of racing during the coming week. Nottingham will be decided on Monday and Tuesday, Salisbury on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, Pontefract Wednesday and Thursday, and Haydock Park and Lingfield on Friday and Saturday.

On the opening day at Nottingham Smeaton Lad should secure the Ratcliffe Plate, and Dick Whittington the Brameote Handicap. The St. Albans Handicap on Tuesday may fall to The Forest, and the Holme Pierrepont Plate to Kiskatoon.

The Wilton Handicap on the opening day of the Bibury Club gathering at Salisbury should be won by The Angel Man, and the Andover Stakes by Ebonette. Junior should score in the Bibury Cup on the second day, and Kinsella in the Bibury Stakes. On Thursday likely winners are: Rosey Ina in the Alington Plate, and Josh in the Downton Handicap.

Marco Bozzaris may score in the Pontefract Welter Handicap on Wednesday at Pontefract, and Cassio in the Trial Handicap. Le Farfadet and Starboard Watch, in the Great West Riding Handicap and the Alexandra Handicap respectively, appear to be the best things for Thursday.

At Lingfield on Friday Tres Pinos in the Oak Three Handicap, and Gum Shoe in the Summer Three Year-Old Handicap may score, and on the concluding day Sephalia and Sunray in the Lingfield Corinthian Handicap and the Blackwell Hollow Plate may also win.

Gunbearer should secure the Great Central Handicap at Haydock Park on Friday, and on the second day Caraucho appears good for the Old Newton Cup and Lilliesleaf for the Willows Welter Handicap.

WITH MOTOR-CYCLE & CAR.

This is just the time of the year when many of us discover with a start that our motoring this season has been costing us far more than we thought. Certainly there is no better way of unaccountably parting company with sundry half-crowns than by owning a motor-cycle or a car. It is wonderful how all these little "incidentals" mount up, and the total at the end of the season is apt to be somewhat awesome. Certainly it is impossible to suggest that a car is cheaper than a train where mere convenience of transmission is concerned. But, taking into consideration the unlimited opportunities for amusement that it offers, I say unhesitatingly that it is one of the best investments that I know of. A motor-cycle, of course, is a sheer economy.

In choosing either of these means of locomotion, however, some people are inclined to give rather too much attention to "first price." As a general rule it will pay much better to give £130 for a tiny car than, say, £100; and the fifty pound motor-cycle will be far more satisfactory than that which only costs £40. If a would-be owner cannot afford to write a cheque for the higher figures, he or she—and "she" is a person to be reckoned with in the "auto"-world—should take advantage of the instalment system. The extra twenty pounds or so will not be very formidable when spread over a period of months, and in some instances it will pay for itself owing to the saving effected in upkeep expenses.

There is no doubt that the exercise of a little judicious economy will work wonders when the bill comes to be totted up at the end of the season. Every week or so the motor-cycle or car should be carefully examined. Nuts should be gone over and tightened up, plugs removed and cleaned where necessary, while the magneto and the carburettor must also come in for cursory attention. At longer periods the carbon should be removed from the cylinder, and the inside of the outer covers of the tyres examined for cuts. In this way many roadside repairs and visits to incompetent shops will be avoided. An estimate should always be obtained before entrusting any work to a man with whom you are unacquainted. I made that a rule ever since I was charged at Richmond two shillings for *fitting* a belt-fastener.

The economical individual should save all his old outer covers. A little dexterity will often make two useless tyres into one good one that will last 4,000 miles. There is a firm, I believe, which makes a speciality of this work and its address can easily be obtained at any shop. Many punctures can be avoided by fitting tyre chains. An old metal curb watch chain will do as well as anything, and one should be fixed to the front mudguard extension and another to the seat stays. They should be of such a length as to drag lightly on the tyre as it revolves.

Benzole will be found an excellent substitute for petrol. Its only disadvantage is the effect it has on the enamel of the tank. Should you spill any on the outside, don't wipe it off. Let it dry on, and less damage will be done. Quite elaborate adjustments and repairs can be carried out after a little practice. The owner who does everything himself should be able to run a cycle-car for a penny a mile, and a motor-cycle at half that figure. In order to accomplish this, it is necessary to possess a fairly comprehensive outfit of tools.

E. B. INCE.

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In Six Short Months I can Remake You.

IS IT WORTH YOUR ATTENTION?

Read This:—

Dear Sir, 8/8/13.

I enclose my last instalment, and it is with the deepest feelings of gratitude I give you my final report. I was, sad to say, led into bad company, to my sorrow. When I came to you, and had a talk with you, I felt I was with one whom I could trust, and who would not hold back the skill he was blessed with. I have no need to outline my state, a man and yet not a man, no pleasure in life, simply a selfish degraded thing, no hope, no wish to live. Your first words inspired me, and soon your magnetic power seemed to invade me, and I then desired to do better, and to get well. Six short months has put me into another world. I feel a newly-made man. My health now is wonderful, I am strong, lively, happy, and sleep like a top, while my manhood, appetite, weight, and so on are all that could be desired. I owe it all to you. Accept my deepest thanks. Use this just how you like.

Yours ever sincerely,—A. K. L——N.

VITAL FORCE means Life, the force of Life, and so many young men through indiscretion get in a low state, and fly to the first quack remedy they see, without seriously considering it. To lose the bloom of youth, and to know the dreaded symptoms are daily getting a firmer hold is bad enough, but to adopt a useless treatment adds fuel to the fire. Weak men go to the Wall. **Don't be a Weakling.**

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OURSELVES AND OTHER PEOPLE.

AN EXCEPTION.

"I always try to look at everything from both sides."

"Your wife tells a different story."

"How's that?"

"She says you haven't seen the inside of a church for years."

* * *

Employer (to new office boy): "Has the cashier told you what you are to do this afternoon?"

Office-boy: "Yes, sir. I'm to wake him when I see you coming."

* * *

VERY MUCH WORSE.

"Is it true that the Bloptons are living beyond their income?"

"Worse than that. They're living beyond their credit."

* * *

"Mamma," said a young hopeful, "who is my closest relation. Are you?"

"No," sweetly replied the mother "your father has that distinction. He never gives me a halfpenny unless I ask him for it."

And it was a full half-hour before the old man discovered that the paper he was reading was upside down.

A STRONG MAN'S JOB.

The Doctor: "You must tell your wife that on no account is she to speak another word to-day."
The Husband: "W-w-would you mind telling her that yourself, Doctor?"
—"Sydney Bulletin."

A woman partially atones for making a fool of a man by getting mad as often as anybody calls him so.—*Puck.*

* * *

AND WHAT HAPPENED THEN?

O'Brien: Oi can say wan thing: Oi'm a self-made man.

Casey: Is it boastin' ye are, or apologizin'?—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

* * *

WORKED BOTH WAYS.

A Boston doctor tells fat women that by tangoing they can get thin. And he might tell thin women that in watching fat women tango they can laugh enough to get plump.—*Concord Monitor.*

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Merchant (to detective): Some fellow has been representing himself as a collector of ours. He's been taking in more money than any two of the men we have, and I want him collared as quickly as possible.

Detective: All right. I'll have him in jail in less than a week.

Merchant: Great Scott, man! I don't want to put him in jail. I want to engage him.—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.*

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There is a unique spot in New York City. It is a ticket exchange booth at the Polo Grounds, and it bears the inscription, "No Money Taken Here." It is understood to be the only place of its kind in New York.—*Puck.*

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A HEROINE.

"What is a heroine?"

"A girl who knows she can't sing and can't be coaxed to try."—*Livingston Lance.*

"It is of the English school."
"Do you think so? The costume is French."—"Journal Amusant."

THE OUTER MAN.

By CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

Now that summer really does seem to have come round again most of us have some difficulty in keeping cool. True the halfpenny papers are full of interviews with "Harley Street Physicians" who tell us just what to eat and drink, but comfort or otherwise certainly depends largely on the clothes one wears. Abroad Englishmen will get through two or three white suits per diem, but here it is necessary to adopt some less conservative method of nullifying the flights of the thermometer. Of course the most important consideration is the material from which the suit is made. Flannel is probably cooler than anything else. The fashionable colour this year is blue with a very faint white stripe. If grey is chosen it must be a very dark grey, but this colour is not very suitable for making up into a lounge suit. As I have said before, it is at its best for trousers when combined with a blue serge coat and waistcoat.

* * *

For the economical man flannel is not to be advised. This material easily loses its shape, and has a rooted objection to seaside air and salt water. Some really charming light tweeds are to be obtained this year, which will wear longer and keep their shape better than flannel. Greys and browns are the prevailing colours, and both are used with very unobtrusive designs. As for the style of an ideal suit of light tweed, ease of movement must be the keynote. But appearance must never be sacrificed to comfort. While the trousers may be ample in breadth they should have slight "pegtops." If the coat is made very loose fitting, it should be shaped in at the waist. There ought to be no slit at the back, and one outside breast pocket. The coat is cut almost square in front; and there is only one button. A collar with a long soft roll adds a great deal to the appearance of the garment, and care should be taken lest this roll should become creased. The behaviour of rolls depends a lot on the material with which they are lined. Cheap suits lose their roll very quickly.

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A well-chosen hat is another absolute necessity in the hot months. Most men choose a straw boater without giving the matter a second thought. As a matter of fact, however, this type of headgear is not particularly cool. The straw hat is not anything like so fashionable as usual this year. It has been displaced to a great extent by the Panama and the soft felt. If you wish to remain faithful to the straw you should select one with a rather coarse plait and a hand-tied bow. Coloured hat bands are being very generally worn, and if you have any college colours to sport by all means substitute them for the plain black ribbon. The modern tendency is all for colour and sooner or later coloured bands will be universal.

* * *

In hot weather the advantage of the felt over the stiff straw hat is that it can be more easily adapted to any angle. It can be pushed right back on the head without falling off, and therefore affords better protection from the sun. Velour hats are not at present particularly fashionable, and a blue-grey felt can hardly be surpassed. The ribbon, which may be a different colour from the hat, should be tied in a bow at the back. Nothing suits the average man better than a Panama, but this is still a luxury in headgear. Not only is such a hat dear in the first place—it will cost at least a guinea—but it quickly spoils if worn in the rain. Should your purse be sufficient to stand the strain choose one with the finest possible plait.

* * *

A really cool shirt is a rara avis. Many people wear cellular, but somehow this never strikes me as being a particularly smart material to choose. A coloured tunic shirt is better, and if made with stiff cuffs is almost as cool. Blue and buff are the favourite colours. In hot weather a soft polo collar will be found particularly comfortable. It should be of the same colour as the shirt. If you prefer a stiff white collar when the thermometer is high a starched "polo" should be your choice. On such an occasion it is quite pardonable to discard the waistcoat. When this is done a plain leather belt should be worn with the trousers. Coloured belts should be reserved for tennis wear. In the summer-time bow-ties are in their "hey-day"—so to speak. If worn with a "butterfly" collar the ends of the tie should be outside the wings.

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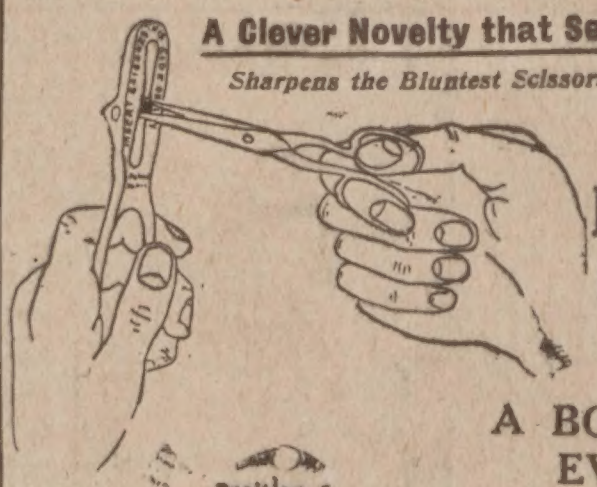

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